

FIFTY YEARS A WASHWOMAN

She Began Doing the Washing for An Atchison, Kan., Family in the Summer of 1864 and Hasn't Missed a Monday Since

Atchison, Kan., claims the distinction of having the most reliable washwoman in the world. The servant problem is solved and has been solved for fifty years, as far as this washwoman and her employer is concerned.

She went to work fifty years ago last July for the family of C. A. Buck in Atchison. She was a strong young girl then, only 20

Mrs. Estes' home is a modest one, but it is paid for and everybody in the neighborhood likes her. The children like to come to her place and watch her as she works, because she is always happy. Flowers fill the back yard. She also has the place well planted with fruit trees. In the right season she has peaches, apples, berries or anything else she desires.



MRS. ADELAIDE ESTES in different poses.

years old. The Civil War was raging in this country at the time. She couldn't fight in the army, but she could fight dirt, and she was so good at the job she had all others of her kind outclassed.

Mrs. Adelaide Estes, for that is the name of the washwoman, was born in Erie, Pa. In 1855 she went with her parents to Atchison to help make Kansas a free State. When the Civil War broke out the men went to the army. At the age of 20 the girl was called upon to help make a living for the household. She was well acquainted with the Bucks, for Atchison was a little town and everybody knew everybody else. The Bucks wanted someone to do the washing and she asked for the job. One Monday she went to the house and took their washing home with her. The next Monday she went back and got the next week's washing. The following week she again appeared on Monday. She has been back ever since and hasn't missed a Monday in fifty years.

The most remarkable part of the entire fifty years of service is that Mrs. Estes and the members of the Buck household have never had a difference of opinion about anything. The Bucks say the washing is always done perfectly and that the charges are always correct. On the other hand, Mrs. Estes says the Bucks are always prompt to pay and have never found fault with her work.

Mrs. Estes is now 70 years old. She is still strong and her health is good. Her motto is to do the best she can with ever bit of washing she has, and she has won success with it. There is nothing more honorable than washing, in her opinion. Cleanliness is skin to godliness, therefore the woman who washes clothing is skin to God.

The life of the laundry woman is not so bad, she says. When one speaks of a washwoman he thinks of the hardships connected with the work. There are no hardships unless you want to hunt for them, she says.

The best town in the world is Atchison, she says, and the best people to work for are the Bucks. Mrs. Estes and Mrs. Buck were both young women when her career as a washwoman began. They have grown up together and although one had more money than the other they respect each other and are neighbors. The fact that Mrs. Buck has had a life of comparative ease hasn't harmed the happiness of Mrs. Estes a bit.

WASHES CLOTHES AS CHILDREN GROW UP.
She was happy when she washed the clothes the first time for Mrs. Buck. She was just as happy when she washed the clothes for the little Buck children. When the little Bucks grew up she washed their clothes just the same and she washed their clothing when they went to school and later when they were married.

"It's been one continual round of pleasure for me," said Mrs. Estes. "I am glad I am strong and still able to enjoy myself, and there is no one in the world who can beat me as a washwoman."

While Mrs. Estes doubtless holds the world's record for long continued washing for the same family, the oldest laundryman in the world is Hart Bouton of San Francisco.

"It was just sixty-four years ago when I went to Sacramento and started the first laundry in California," he said. "It was on the 15th of March."

"How well I remember that time! I located on the outskirts of the town and called my plant the Pio-

near Laundry. I did all the work myself. I used to pack the soiled linen or cotton on my back; wash and iron it and then return it to my customers the same way.

"Laundry prices were a little higher than today. For washing a shirt the price was half a dollar; for sheets, four dollars a dozen, and for small pieces, such as towels, handkerchiefs and socks, two dollars a dozen. There were no detached collars in those days. They were all attached to the shirts."

"The big fire and flood visited Sacramento in '52, but I escaped, as I said, my laundry being on the outskirts of the town. After the town was rebuilt I moved closer in and had a nice little laundry on Fourth street."

"I was doing very well when in '61 the second flood hit the town. This time I did not escape and I had four feet of water on the second floor of my laundry. Now, water is a mighty good thing in the laundry business, but I had a little too much, so I left and went back to San Francisco, where I took charge of the City Laundry for a few months."

"While there I received a call, as a preacher would say, from the Pioneer Laundry in Virginia City, Nev. I accepted and was there for ten years. It would take a long time to tell what I went through in that burg, so I'll pass it by. "Another call" came to me at the end of the ten years from the Contra Costa Laundry in Oakland, which is the oldest steam laundry in the world. I went."

"Old Bartlett had the plant then. I won't soon forget him. I don't like to say anything against the dead, but if this were not uncharitable, Old Bartlett would have a few words coming. He is dead now. In fact, the whole outfit of those old-timers are dead and if some of

them are not being punished in the hereafter I don't see any use in having such a place for punishment. "Bartlett originally came from Massachusetts. In anti-bellum days they used to say that the best slave drivers of the South came from Massachusetts. Bartlett certainly lived up to the reputation.

"The five years I worked for him I started in every morning at 6 and did not quit until the last lot was finished, generally about 9 or 10 and often 11 at night. They would say that Bartlett, the old hypocrite, used to lay awake nights thinking of us working so late. All he would have had to do to get the work out on time would have been to hire help enough. If he were alive now he would have a fit to see the folks working only eight hours a day."

QUITS AS SUPERINTENDENT WHEN REACHES AGE 70.

"I first met my old friend, Major Taylor, at the Contra Costa laundry in 1860. The major and I have been called the 'California Kids.' He and I are the oldest laundrymen on the Pacific Coast. He is 74 years old and came West in 1859.

"We worked side by side in the Contra Costa. Both of us were ironing, but he was just starting and I had become an old hand at it. Up to that time I took pride in the fact that I had never found a man or woman who could iron more shirts than I could."

"Major Taylor went back East, where about thirty-one years ago he established the Excelsior Laundry at Indianapolis, which is still running. "I lasted five years at the Contra Costa when Bartlett thought it would be a good thing to put an old schoolmate of his in my place. He was a gunsmith by trade and did not know any more about a laundry than an army mule does. "Well, I was idle just one week. On June 28, 1880, I came to the La Grande Laundry in San Francisco, where I have been ever since. I was superintendent for twenty-six years. Then in 1906, as I was getting along in years—I was 78 then—they put a younger man in my place. I am still working, but I have light work and am making enough to keep me out of the bread line. I and my wife live

near the laundry.

"I go to work at 7:30 every morning to light up the machines and quit work at 5, and have the satisfaction of knowing that I am still some good on this earth."

"I am regular in my habits, go to bed early and get up early. I am a light eater and drink good whiskey about three times a day. A great deal has been written about how to live to a ripe old age. I for my part think that more people die from overeating than from drinking."

"The laundry business has undergone some great changes during my day, but this is so well known that there is no use going into detail. The first laundry machinery I ever saw was a washer invented in '56 by Joseph Hall of San Francisco. I saw my first ironing machine in '60 at the Contra Costa Laundry. It was called the Troy collar ironer and I thought it was a big thing."

"Aside from being a pioneer laundryman, I might mention that I am a pioneer of the State of California and was president of the California pioneers for one year. "I guess this is about all I have to say."

LAUNDRY BUSINESS UNABLE TO OUST MRS. ESTES.

In America the laundry business has grown wonderfully, but it has not driven Mrs. Estes from her stronghold. She can wash for the Bucks as long as she lives if she wishes to do so.

The laundries of the United States, outside of hotel, factory or institution laundries, did a business in America of about \$125,000,000 a year.

This ranks the laundry industry as eleventh in size in America. Commercial laundries are now to be found in every first class city of

America. They cleanse, wring, dry, iron and starch by machinery. No business in the world has evolved such delicate and such effective machines as the laundry industry.

It is now no special recommendation to say, "These goods are laundered by hand." Machines are manufactured that can do the work better than the human hand can. And after all, the machine, you must remember, is an invention of the human brain, and when you use a machine to take the place of a dead lift and labor of human muscles you pay a compliment to the inventor.

The laundries in the United States do, with the aid of machinery and the help of one man, what ten women were required to do before. And with all the saving in labor, yet the laundries of America employ five times as many people as does the Standard Oil Company, and twice as many as the United Steel Corporation.

Our population is, say, 100,000,000, and we pay a dollar and a quarter a year per capita for having our clothes washed, and this does not count all of the work done by housewives who do their own washing.

Some of these laundries are very sumptuously fitted up with tile floors and walls, spacious offices with all modern appliances, and valuable automobile service for collecting and making deliveries.

No country in the world has carried the laundry business to the same degree of perfection as the United States has. Europe still lags behind, and in many first-class European hotels the washwoman will come in person and solicit your patronage, just as she used to do in America twenty-five or thirty years ago.

The Colonial Pulpit.

Jonathan Edwards, the younger, was pastor in New Haven for twenty-five years and had a decided influence in forming the New England theology. It is not easy to characterize the theology of these sons of the Great Awakening (1740-42); they were all decided Calvinists, modified according to their individual ways of thinking, but they were men of power, and every one contributed to the development of the people in their ideas of personal liberty.

The impression that the sermons were uniformly long and dry is an exaggeration, and there were men of originality and humor in the ministry, like Josiah Dwight of Woodstock, who said, "If unconverted men ever got to heaven they would feel as uneasy as a shad up the crook of a white oak."

There was so disagreement between this man and neighboring ministers, and when they met him in the interests of harmony, he prayed that they "might so hitch their horses together on earth that they should never kick in the stables of everlasting salvation." Keen wit and sharp repartee characterized the conversation of many.

Repaying Loan With Interest.

Mrs. Mary E. Kampe, a widow living in Newburg, has received from her lawyer a check for \$30,000, drawn to her order by John Patton. Mrs. Kampe says that forty years ago Patton had a quarrel with his father, who was a hotel keeper in this city, and the boy wanted to go West to grow up with the country. He borrowed \$10 from Mrs. Kampe and told her he would pay \$1,000 for every dollar of it if luck favored him. A month ago Mrs. Kampe received her first letter from Patton, asking the name of her attorney. He recalled the loan and his promise, and said he had prospered and was desirous of helping his friend in his old age.

WIDOW OF DAUDET STILL A PARIS LEADER

Few persons outside of the literary belt in Paris know that Madame Daudet, widow of the great romancer, Alphonse Daudet, is an active participant in all matters that pertain to literature and art, and that her salon is the rendezvous, not of the so-called fashionable world, but of all the big creative minds of the day. And now Madame Daudet has the added distinction of being made president of the literary section of the Adelphe Club, a club organized by and composed of women only.

The writer had an opportunity of talking with this most interesting woman. Inevitably she turned the conversation to a subject near her heart, the souvenirs of her illustrious husband, and lovingly and tenderly dwelt on each word in the recital.

She told how the subject matter for his books was so often taken from the little incidents happening to his children, his nephews and his nieces, how he developed these "themes" into the delightful short stories that are so familiar to all. Again, when importuned by his children for a "wonderful story" to

be told them, how he poured into their imaginative ears these tales that later found their way into manuscript.

Madame Daudet said when her husband outlined a story and had selected the place where his characters "were to play their parts" the whole family was dragged from their home to live in the "atmosphere" that was to surround these fantasies of the brain. She also said that all of his descriptions of the places that found their counterpart in print were rigorously exact and faithfully portrayed.

Madame Daudet is a woman of elegance and of exquisite taste. There is charm and brilliancy in her conversation, and her personality glows with the beauties of the maternal instinct and by her carriage and manner one feels that here is the type of the old French school fore her marriage Madame Daudet had written several books and it is claimed that after marriage she collaborated with her husband in some of his novels.

The royalties from her husband's

works, which, in France, continue for eighty years, have made Madame Daudet a rich woman. She lives in Paris, but a short time in the winter, as she prefers the life at her Chateau de Pray in Touraine, situated in a little village of 300 inhabitants.

Madame Daudet has three children—two sons and a daughter. Leon Daudet, the eldest, is a journalist and writer, but is chiefly known for the number of duels that he is threatened with, or has been engaged in. He was married to the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, but is now divorced.

Commercial Rivals.

"I understand that beef is going to be dearer next winter than ever before."

"Yes," replied the Chicago packer.

"What's the idea?"
"We're going to take some of the pride out of those Eastern coal barons who thought they had the world beat as price boosters."